

poetry remains its sense of solitude. Like Donne's, it is intensely individual, but in a quite different way; he is a gender Moses, alone with God on the mountain, not Aaron among his congregation; alone with God as completely as an anchorite of the Thebaid, in the world-forgetting passion of a lover for his love.

Ah my deare God! though I am clean forgot,

Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

To feel the full force of this spiritual loneliness, it is enough to turn back to the Elizabethans—not only to the dramatists amid their audiences; even one of their sonneteers, wooing his mistress in her closet, will speak as if the whole world were listening at the keyhole; while Herbert is as solitary, even amid his flock, as if he were wrestling for his single soul in the lonely darkness of Penueel. But certainly it is not our loss if, instead of hymns, he wrote the most personal of lyrics in consequence.

For it is this lyric cry that lasts in his work. If his other writings are even remembered, it is only because they are the prose of a poet. *The Country Parson* is hardly enthralling; and if his rendering of Cornaro's *Of Temperance and Sobriety* is quaint and readable, the credit for that is Cornaro's. This gentleman of Venice, after shattering his health by intemperance at thirty-five, died in 1566, aged ninety-eight, having written four treatises on diet, in his eighty-fourth, eighty-seventh, ninety-second, and ninety-sixth years respectively. It was the first of these that

Herbert translated, and, no doubt, put in
practice also.
But one man's sparing of meat may be
another man's
poison; Herbert went young to a
consumptive's grave.
Cornaro, however, remains pleasant, and
very likely pro-
fitable, still: it is at least something to find
an old man
of eighty-three so satisfied with life and so
well able to
express his satisfaction: